Nightmare

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/2677289.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Mankanshoku Mako/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Mankanshoku Mako, Matoi Ryuuko
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-11-26 Words: 1,493 Chapters: 1/1

Nightmare

by Ryumako

Summary

Mako wakes up to find Ryuko also awake, but sobbing quietly into her nightgown. She's had another nightmare. How can Mako comfort her this time? (Very fluffy, only lil bit sad.)

Notes

As some of you know, I try to post a ryumako fic each month (to keep me writing, and because ryumako deserves it). This month's fic is not smut! This is kind of out of respect for all the horrible things happening this month, and because it's also the anniversary of my mom's death on the 30th.

I didn't tag it as character death because no one really dies, it was only a retelling of Ryuko's dream.

I think this is very sweet and I hope you all enjoy it!

They had fallen asleep together as they do every night, wrapped up in one another, the both of them drifting into unconsciousness at relative times. With each other's presences, it was hard not to slip into a peaceful and warm slumber. When they were together, Ryuko and Mako often slept the whole night through, always awakening refreshed and smiling.

That night, however, was a little different, as they occasionally are.

Usually, Mako was the one who would curl up tight against Ryuko, as she loved the warmth and the way she held her, but this time, it was the other way around. She never questioned it, though; as long as she was snuggling with her Ryuko, she was happy. The taller girl had curled up into a ball and fallen asleep next to Mako, similar to how a small dog might. She just radiated warmth, and Mako had wrapped herself around her, and that's how they fell asleep.

Mako hadn't been dreaming when she was woken by an undetermined force. She craned her neck to check the time on the bedside table: the clock read 2:36 A.M. She almost shrugged it off and fell back asleep, before she felt a somewhat hiccup-like movement from the taller girl, as she gripped at the front of Mako's nightgown.

"Ryuko-chan?" She whispered. "Are you awake?"

"Yeah," She responded, her voice muffled.

Mako was quiet a moment, before she placed a hand on her back and spoke, "Is there something wrong?"

A choked sob broke through. "Mako." She gripped her nightgown tighter. "Mako..."

"Ryuko-chan...." She squeezed her tight, closer to her. "Ryuko, it's alright."

"Mako," She repeated again, now blatantly obvious she was crying. Bawling, actually. If it wasn't evident in her voice, it was in the way she was beginning to get her nightgown wet with her tears.

This wasn't the first time this had happened. Mako knew that if she had kept track of the number of times, she would have lost count by now. Gradually, however, the break downs were becoming less and less frequent. In fact, the first few times they started sleeping the nights together, Mako fell asleep far before Ryuko, because Ryuko would lie awake, her mind littered with bad memories that wouldn't allow her rest. These thoughts would result in crying spells, too.

Mako was never foolish enough to even think that her presence would alleviate all of Ryuko's bad memories, that she would get over them simply because they were together; she knew that's not how it worked. But she also knew the best thing she could do in those situations was provide the best support she could, which she was rather good at.

More recently, however, Ryuko would still awake with a start, often times already crying, because of a night terror. Mako suspected that's what she was dealing with now, and it was

likely the reason she had also woken up.

She chose to stay silent for a long time as Ryuko continued to choke back sobs into her nightgown. She simply gave her some time to let it out. The shorter girl was sympathetically rubbing her back lightly, nuzzling her cheek against the top of her head.

After Ryuko's active bawling had died down quite a bit, she looked up to Mako silently. Mako, in turn, kissed her forehead lovingly. "What happened in this one?" She asked.

Before speaking, she wrapped her arms around Mako's waist and squeezed her possessively. "It was you...and Senketsu...the worse case scenario..."

"Hm? What about a worse case scenario?"

She sniffled, and then scooted up on the mattress to be face to face with Mako, who watched her curiously. Ryuko then kissed her on the mouth briefly. "You remember the Junketsu incident," She started.

"Of course! That was awful." She squeezed her eyes shut. "Pure evil, changing my Ryuko-chan like that."

"Yeah." She swallowed. "Well, in my dream, I was brainwashed like I was, wearing Junketsu..." Her throat closed up again. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

"No, no, it's okay! You really don't have to tell me if it's that hard." Mako kissed her cheek sweetly.

Ryuko smiled a tiny smile, and then told Mako, "I love you."

"I love you, too," She responded, pulling her close again.

There was a moment of comfortable silence between them before Ryuko spoke again, "I think I want to talk about it. Might help get it off my mind."

"Alrighty, whatever makes you feel better." She nuzzled her cheek.

"So yeah, I was wearing, uh, Junketsu again and..." She paused. "You were there like you had been in real life, and you were wearing Senketsu. You were trying so hard...you were trying really hard to get me back."

Mako had been watching and listening intently, and nodded understandingly. "Naturally!"

"Of course." She kissed the tip of her nose. "Always looking out for me."

Ryuko then frowned. "But then, as you had barged into my mind and I wouldn't listen, the me that had been brainwashed wouldn't have it, but there was a part of me, always, that wanted to snap out of it. You knew this," She looked into her eyes. "And this is where it differs from what happened in reality. I..."

"I killed you, Mako. In my dream," She said quietly.

Mako was silent a moment before she responded, "I know that! When I was in your head space, you killed me there! That was the other Ryuko. The one Ragyo made."

"No, Mako, I *killed* you. And Senketsu." The tears were coming again. "I killed you guys like I had in my head, and then back in reality of my dream, you were dying. Both of you..." She was back in full-fledged sobbing. "And the real me, trapped, could only watch it happen."

"Oh." was all Mako said.

"Yeah." Her heart was heavy. "Eventually, it was Satsuki who had stopped my rampage somehow, and when I got control of my body again and ripped that vile outfit off, the first thing I did was search for you, to make sure it wasn't true." She into her eyes, pained. "But I found you, or, your body being attended to by members of Nudist Beach, and I collapsed. They tried to stop me from seeing you, and what I'd done to you and Senketsu, I mean, he was obliterated, but I picked you up and I held you. I..."

Ryuko's tears were relentless. "I watched the life leave your eyes, and you were still smiling up at me like I was your hero. You couldn't even speak but you still looked at me like I was your world, even though I *killed* you." Her face was getting very messy. "It all seemed too real."

"Ryuko-chan," Mako started, her speech broken. She had also began crying. "Please don't...please don't be upset."

"You're crying, too!" She sobbed.

"But I! I..."

"Please don't cry, Mako, please." She sniffled, and looked at her equally messy girlfriend. "I love you so much, more than anything..." She wiped the girl's tears with the pad of her thumb.

Mako was quiet a very short moment, and then suddenly chuckled a little; Ryuko almost couldn't distinguish it from her other sobs. "This is silly. It was a dream!"

"Exactly! Mako, I'd protect you with my life." She smiled at her. "In fact, I have. And I would again. That dream was just...terrifying. Beyond terrifying." She kissed along her cheeks where her tears had been. "You're *my* world. My Mako."

"My Ryuko-chan!" Mako responded, squeezing her suddenly. "Oh man, it was your dream Ryuko-chan, *I* should be comforting *you*!"

"My comforting needs were met when I woke up and you were still next to me," She stated.

"That might be okay for you, Ryuko-chan, but it might still help if I did some comforting -if I said something like, maybe, you're the strongest person I know, and the person I trust most in this world. Your nightmares are not a betrayal of that, really, since it was a *nightmare*. I know that isn't the real you! My Ryuko-chan is my rock!" She punctuated the statement with a possessive kiss on the forehead. "I love you."

Ryuko's heart beat more noticeably. "You're so cheesy."

"It is only fitting," She said. "I also love cheese."

She laughed sincerely. "You're amazing, Mako. I love you, too. Never, ever change."

"I really don't think I could!" She insisted.

Ryuko's eyebrows twitched back into their determined position, and then she kissed Mako on the lips again, full of passion. Mako was surprised for only a moment before she returned it, moving her hand to Ryuko's cheek. They kissed lovingly only for a little bit, and then settled back into each other's arms.

"Well, I don't know about you, but I'm still very tired. We should go back to-"

Suddenly, Ryuko heard not-so-modest snoring next to her. "-sleep."

She smiled. "Goodnight, Mako."

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